

# THE LITERARY MIRROR.

VOL. I.]

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[NO. 17.]

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,  
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,  
We hither bring.

## The disabled Soldier.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

NO observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than, That one half of the world is ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged on in tones of declamation; and the world is called to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of others sympathizing with their distress; and have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquility and indifference, is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence; the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutius complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which he had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them: and were sure of subsistence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without a shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to

have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself in an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain: there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so that I was put on the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart they kept sending me about so long that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that, I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of the peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it into my head to fling my stick at it: Well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me; he called me a poacher and villain; and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but, though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account, so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

"People may say this and that of being in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had my belly-full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last forever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage, for being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired I worked my passage home, and I was glad to see England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so I did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

"I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang: I was carried before a justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier: I chose the latter, and in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received one wound through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

"When the peace came on I was discharged; and as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East-India Company's service. I have fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe that if I could read and write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so had leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money: But the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before I could set foot on shore.

"The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham to be idle; but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me, without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every bearing; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

"Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail: but, for my part, it was nothing to me,



for I was seasoned. One night, as I was asleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand: "Jack," said he to me, "will you knock out the French centry's brains?" "I don't care," said I, striving to keep myself awake, "if I lend a hand." "Then follow me," said he, "and I hope we shall do business." So up I arose, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

"Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five Frenchmen at any time, so we went down to the door, where both the centries were posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down.—From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and, seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands, and we consented to run our chance.—However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three: so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest; but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that, in the engagement, I was wounded in two places; I lost four fingers off the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not a-board a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life, but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England for ever, huzza!"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

### Striking Friendship of two Negroes.

A PLANTER of Virginia, who was owner of a considerable number of slaves, instead of regarding them as human creatures, and of the same species with himself, used them with the utmost cruelty, whipping and torturing them for the slightest faults. One of these thinking any change preferable to slavery under such a barbarian, attempted to make his escape among the mountain Indians, but, unfortunately, was taken and brought back to his master. Poor Arthur (so he was called) was immediately ordered to receive 300 lashes stark naked, which were to be given him by his fellow slaves, among whom

happened to be a new negro, purchased by the planter the day before. This slave, the moment he saw the unhappy wretch destined to the lashes, flew to his arms, and embraced him with the greatest tenderness: the other returned his transports, and nothing could be more moving than their mutual bemoaning each other's misfortunes. Their master was soon given to understand that they were countrymen and intimate friends, and that Arthur had formerly, in a battle with a neighbouring nation, saved his friend's life at the extreme hazard of his own. The new negro, at the same time, threw himself at the planter's feet with tears, beseeching him, in the most moving manner, to spare his friend, or, at least, to suffer him to undergo the punishment in his room, protesting, he would sooner die ten thousand deaths than lift his hand against him. But the wretch looking upon this as an affront to the absolute power, he pretended over him, ordered Arthur to be immediately tied to a tree, and his friend to give him the lashes; telling him too, that for every lash not well laid on, he should, himself, receive a score. The new negro, amazed at a barbarity so unbecoming a human creature, with a generous disdain refused to obey him, at the same time upbraiding him with his cruelty; upon which, the planter turning all his rage on him, ordered him to be immediately stripped, and commanded Arthur (to whom he promised forgiveness) to give his countryman the lashes he himself had been destined to receive. This proposal too was received with scorn, each protesting he would rather suffer the most dreadful torture than injure his friend. This generous conflict, which must have raised the strongest feelings in a breast susceptible of pity, did but the more enflame the monster, who now determined they should both be made examples of, and to satiate his revenge, was resolved to whip them himself. He was just preparing to begin with Arthur, when the new negro drew a knife from his pocket, stabbed the planter to the heart, and at the same time struck it to his own, rejoicing, with his last breath, that he had revenged his friend, and rid the world of such a monster.

FROM A LONDON MAGAZINE.

### Extraordinary Account.

MR. EDITOR.

SOME time since, discoursing with a lady upon the sagacity of animals, she told me the following story, and as she is a lady of the greatest veracity, I make not the least doubt of the truth of it: her husband was many years a worthy member of parliament; he kept a pack of hounds: among them was a favourite bitch that he was very fond of, and used to let her come and lie in the parlour: this bitch had a litter of whelps, and the gentleman one day took them out of the kennel, when the bitch was absent, and drowned them: shortly after, she came to the kennel, and missing them, she sought for, and at last found them drowned in the pond; she brought them, one by one, and laid them at her master's feet in the parlour, and when she bro't the last whelp, she looked up in her master's face, and laid her down and died.

If you think the above will be any entertainment to your numerous readers, it is very much at your service.

I am, sir, your's, &c.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

### The Lay Preacher.

"Blessed is he who readeth."

WHENEVER I reflect upon my habitual attachment to books, I feel a new glow of gratitude towards that Power, who gave me a mind, thus disposed, and to those liberal friends, who have allowed the utmost latitude of indulgence to my propensity. Had I been born on a barbarous shore, denied the glorious privileges of education, and interdicted an approach to the rich provinces of Literature, I should have been the most miserable of mankind. With a temperament of sensibility, with the nerves of a valetudinarian, with an ardent thirst for knowledge, and very scanty means for its acquisition, with a mind often clouded with care, and depressed by dejection, I should have resembled the shrinking vegetable of irritableness, and, like the mimosa of the gardens, doomed to be at once stupid and sensitive. The courses of Nature and Fortune having taken a different direction, Parental Benevolence having furnished me with the Keys, and Discipline and Habit having conducted me thro' the Portico of Education, I have ever found, whether walking in the Vestibul of Science, or meditating in the Groves of Philosophy, or hearkening to historians and poets, or rambling with Rabelais, such excellent companions, that Life has been beguiled of more than half its irksomeness. In sickness, in sorrow, in the most doleful days of dejection, or in the most gloomy seasons in the calendar, study is the sweetest solace and the surest refuge, particularly when my reading is directed to that immortal book, whence the theme of this essay is taken. In an hour of adversity, when I have caught up this precious volume, I have found, instantly, the balm of Gilead and the medicine of the mind. The darkness of Despair has been succeeded by the brightest rays of Cheerfulness, and in place of grim phantoms, I have found Comfort, Peace, and Serenity.

I hope that this style of speaking occasionally in the first person will be forgiven, even by the most fastidious reader, when he adverts to the custom of my predecessors. A periodical writer can hardly avoid this sort of egotism, and it is surely very harmless, when its employer muffles himself in the mantle of concealment, and in the guise, whether of a shrewd Spectator or a simple Lay Preacher, walks, unobtrusively, abroad. Mr. ADDISON and Monsieur MONTAIGNE perpetually indulge this habit; and, on a very careful inspection of many editions of their essays, I have always found, by certain infallible marks, that those speculations had been most diligently perused, which abound in little sketches of the manners, humours, and habits of their author. We are naturally curious thus to peep through the keyhole of a study, to see a writer in his elbow chair, and to listen to his story with fondness and familiarity of friendship. Anonymous authors have a prescription from Parnassus to paint themselves; and when by a Tatler Spectator, or a Connoisseur nothing but good ours and modest tinting is employed, men with mingled curiosity and complacency at a picture. In a speculation on the blessings derived from a studious temper, if a miniature lover of books is introduced, provided it be a



erable resemblance, and viewed in a proper light, it will, by an easy association, lead the observer to reflect more intensely upon the value of literature.

The utility and delight of a taste for books are as demonstrable as any axiom of the severest Science. The most prosperous fortune is often harrassed by various vexations. The sturdiest son of Strength is sometimes the victim of Disease. Melancholy will sometimes involve the merriest in her shade, and the fairest month of the year will have its cloudy days. In these dreary seasons, from which no man may hope to escape, sensual delights will not fill scarcely a nook in the gloomy void of the troubled time.—Brief as the lightning in the collied night, this sort of pleasure may flash before the giddy eyes, but then merely for a moment, and the twinkling radiance is still surrounded with the murkiest gloom. Eating, drinking, and sleeping; the song and the dance, the tabret, and viol, the hurry of dissipation, the agitation of play, these resources, however husbanded, are inadequate to the claims of life. On the other hand, the studious and contemplative man has always a scheme of wisdom by which he can either endure or forget the sorrows of the heaviest day. Though he may be cursed with care, yet he is surely blessed when he readeth. Study is the *dulce lenimen laborum* of the Sabine bard. It is Sorrow's sweet assuager. By the aid of a book, he can transport himself to the vale of Tempe, or the gardens of Armida. He may visit Pliny at his villa, or Pope at Twickenham. He may meet Plato on the banks of Illysus, or Petrarch among the groves of Avignon. He may make philosophical experiments with Bacon, or enjoy the eloquence of Bolingbroke. He may speculate with Addison, moralize with Johnson, read tragedies and comedies with Shakespeare, and be captivated by the rhetoric of Burke.

In many of the old romances, we are gravely informed, that the unfortunate knight in the dungeon of some giant, or fascinated by some witch or enchanter, while he sees nothing but hideousness and horror before him, if haply a fairy, or some other benignant being, impart a talisman of wondrous virtue, on a sudden our disconsolate prisoner finds himself in a magnificent palace, or a beautiful garden, in the bower of Beauty, or in the arms of Love. This wild fable, which abounds in the legends of knight-errantry, has always appeared to me very finely to shadow out the enchantment of study. A book produces a delightful abstraction from the cares and sorrows of this world. They may press upon us, but when we are engrossed by study we do not very acutely feel them. Nay, by the magic illusion of a fascinating authour we are transported from the couch of Anguish, or the stripe of Indigence to Milton's Paradise or the Elysium of Virgil.

REMARKABLE.

The following singular circumstance took place in Sheffield in England some time ago. A young woman was married on Thursday, brought to bed on Friday, the child died on Saturday, was interred on Sunday, the husband enlisted for a soldier on Monday, marched on Tuesday, and she drowned herself on Wednesday.

London paper.

The Torpedo.

THE following Anecdote from Dr. Pinckard's Notes on the West-Indies, shewing the powers of the Torpedo or Electric Eel, a fish little known in this country, may prove amusing to some of our readers. [N. Y. W. Museum.]

The Governor of Berbsche has a large electric Eel, which he has kept for several years in a tub made for the purpose, placed under a small shed near to the house. This fish possesses strong electric powers, and often causes scenes of diversion among the soldiers and sailors, who are struck with astonishment at its qualities, and believe it to be in league with some evil spirit. Two sailors wholly unacquainted with the properties of the fish, were one day told to fetch an Eel which was lying in the tub in the yard, and give it to the cook to dress for dinner. It is a strong fish of seven or eight pounds weight, and gives a severe shock on being touched, particularly if irritated or enraged. The sailors had no sooner reached the shed, than one of them plunged his hand to the bottom of the tub to seize the Eel; when he received a blow which benumbed his whole arm; and without knowing what it was he started from the tub shaking his fingers, and holding his elbow with his other hand, crying out, "d—e Jack, what a thump he fetched me with his tail." His messmate laughing at such a foolish notion, next put down his fingers likewise, and run off crying out, "d—e he did give you a thump! he has fetched me a broadside too! D—e let's both have a hawl at him together, Jack, then we shall board his d—d slippery carcass spite of his rudder." Accordingly they both plunged their hands into the tub, and seized the fish by a full grasp around the body. This was rougher treatment than he commonly experienced, and he returned it with a most violent shock, which soon caused them to quit their hold. For a moment they stood aghast, then rubbing their arms, holding their elbows and shaking their fingers, they capered about swearing that their arms were broken, and that it was the devil in the tub in the shape of an Eel.—They now perceived that it was not a simple blow of the tail which they had felt before; nor could they be prevailed upon to try again to take out the fish, but stole away rubbing their elbows, swearing the devil was in the tub, and cursing the trick about the Cook and the Eel.

Description of Love.

Love is like the devil, because it torments; like heaven because it wraps the soul in bliss; like salt because it is relishing; like pepper, because it often sets one on fire; like sugar, because it is sweet; like a rope, because it is often the death of a man; like a prison, because it makes a man miserable; like wine, because it makes us happy; like a man, because he is here to-day and gone to-morrow; like a woman, because there is no getting rid of her; like a ship, because it guides one to the wished for port; like a Will o' th' wisp, because it often leads one into a bog; like a fierce courser, because it often runs away with one; like a little poney, because it ambles nicely with one; like the bite

of a mad dog, or like the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both make a man run mad; like a goose, because it is silly; like a rabbit, because there is nothing like it. In a word, it is like a ghost, because it is like every thing, and like nothing; often talked about, but never seen, touched, nor understood.

Mental Love.

Mental love is a thing as pure as light, sacred as a temple, lasting as the world. That love that can cease, as said an ancient, was never true. Mental love contains in it all sweetness, all society, all felicity, all prudence, and all wisdom. It is an union of all things excellent; it contains proportion, satisfaction, rest and confidence. The eyes of a wife are then fair as the light of heaven; a man may then ease his cares and lay down his sorrows upon her lap, and can retire home as to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and of chaste refreshment.

He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

Lines in memory of John T. Gilman, Jun. of Exeter, N. H. who died at Savannah, on a tour for his health.

—"DULCES MORIENS REMINISCITUR ARGOS."

SEE flatter'd hope in sighs decay,  
As swells the gale from Southern skies!  
For there, in youth's young ripening day,  
The friend, the brother, Gilman dies.

Did this invite thy steps to roam,  
Where health allured with rosy charms;  
To quit the kind, the cherished home,  
Thy parents' love, thy sister's arms?

Thy worth thro' life's short sombre day,  
In patient pain serene appeared;  
By virtue's meek resigning sway,  
And e'en by illness' self endeared;

For just when manhood's opening day,  
Had cloth'd thy cheek with riper bloom,  
The canker sickness mined his way,  
And surely presaged future doom.

Though fate forbid thy fame to glow  
In broad refulgence, sternly bright,  
Its record memory's page shall show  
In private virtue's sweeter light.

The tears, in Friendship's eye that swell,  
Thy feeling heart shall well attest;  
A sister's sorrows, who can tell,  
For one so cherished, loved caressed?

On thee shall kind remembrance rest,  
As duly blooms the opening Spring,  
And o'er thy sod with sinking breast  
Her choicest gifts Affection bring.





## Selected Poetry.

## The Loss of the Rose.

YOU ask, my dear EDWARD, the cause of that grief,  
Which feelingly raises the heart-labor'd sigh,  
If Friendship's kind hand could give any relief,  
You'd dry ev'ry tear-drop that moistens the eye.

My friend—Disappointment will always depress,  
The mind's weakest side it will always expose;  
Yet only to SYMPATHY'S CHILD, I confess,  
That my disappointment's THE LOSS OF A ROSE.

A tender young plant with most sedulous care  
I'd cultur'd, protected from each piercing wind;  
In fond expectation, that waving in air,  
Its beauty and fragrance would charm ev'ry mind.

Mid the midness of Spring, sweetly flourish'd the flow'r,  
Disclosing each beauty a ROSE could impart,  
Till a STROLLER came by, ah! luckless the hour,  
He pluck'd and now wears the sweet bud next his heart.

By Fancy's perspective I'd seen thro' Time's veil,  
When Flora's fair gift in my bosom should shine,  
When perfum'd by its fragrance each soft breathing gale,  
Should whisper that Nature's rich treasure was mine.

'Twas vain; as these visions, which Sleep's magic pow'r  
In beauty's perfection presents to the mind;  
A bright beam of Fancy in hope's vivid hour  
To darken by contrast the moments behind.

Tho' not blooming for me, yet I fondly would hope  
Its possessor may taste ev'ry sweet it can bear;  
Ah, surely 'twere pity, if suffer'd to droop,  
Its fragrance be wasted on life's desert air.\*

Oh, Spoiler, protect its young life from each wind,  
Expose not its leaves to the sun's scorching ray!  
'Tis LOVE must support it, and kindness defend,  
'Twill pine by neglect and its beauty decay.

Ah! I fear 'tis short liv'd; yes indeed I do fear!  
The value you know not, of what you possess,  
Was it mine and should droop, I would wash with a tear,  
Ev'ry leaf till it bloom'd and flourish'd afresh.

\* Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.

## EPITAPH.

St. Bartholomew, London.

ON WILLIAM SHAW, AN ATTORNEY.

Here lies William Shaw,  
An Attorney at law;  
If he is not blest,  
What will become of all the rest!

## WAR.

Clumpy and Clod, two surly clowns,  
As reeling home one night,  
From alehouse, where their sappy crowns  
They soak'd, in sad'ning plight.  
While all the azure tinted sky  
Spread out its clear expanse,  
And all the glittering train on high,  
Seem'd o'er their heads to dance.  
Quoth Clump to Clod, "I tell thee what  
"I only wish that I  
"As much good pasture land had got  
"As I can see blue sky—  
"And I," quoth Clod to Clump, "should like  
"Thy wish to beat by far,  
"And have, to prove a wealthier tyke,  
"An ox for every star."  
"Ah but" says Clump, "to veed them all  
"What pasture could be vound?  
"Enough," says Clod, "vor great and small  
"I'd veed them on thy ground."  
"What, and without my leave?" says Clump,  
"Aye that I would" says Cloddy,  
Quoth Clump, "then thee my hide shall thump,  
"Or I will bump thy body."  
So to't they went, both Clump and Clod,  
As fast as fist could tag,  
Till both lay sprawling on the sod,  
And scarce a fist could wag.  
"Now where's your oxen Clod" says Clump,  
"And where" says Clod "your ground?"  
Both sigh'd and carcase rais'd on rump,  
In vain, for both look'd round—  
Then shaking hands they curs'd all jars,  
And all deceiving eyes.  
Th' look'd for oxen in the stars,  
And pasture from the skies.

## Remark worthy of Attention.

Amidst all the vices and all the enormities of the Algerine Turks (*a people distinguished for violence and rapacity, and almost every species of cruelty*) some good qualities are observable. The most abandoned wretch never presumes to utter the name of God in vain, or to add it, by way of decoration, to his ribaldry.

When will this be said, even of men who glory in their superior light and information.

## Magnanimity of Sentiment.

When Vespasian commanded a senator to give his voice against the interest of his country, and threatened him with immediate death if he spoke on the other side, the noble-minded man magnanimously replied: "Did I ever tell you that I thought myself immortal? My virtue is at my own disposal; my life at yours. Act as you will: I shall act as I ought! and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death, than you in all the laurels you wear!"

## Anecdotes.

A country gentleman a few days since asked his son, who was at College, what was meant by *Bachelor of Arts*? "One (said the student) who woos the arts, but never weds them."

The Dutchess of Marlborough was pressing the Duke to take a medicine, and with her usual warmth said, "I'll be hang'd if it does not prove serviceable." Dr. Garth, who was present, exclaimed, "Do take it then, my lord duke; for it must be of service one way or the other."

A Clergyman of an indifferent character, going to read prayers at a remote village in the west of England, found great difficulty in putting on the surplice, which was an old fashioned one. I think, said he to the clerk, the devil is in the suplice—the astonished clerk tried till he got it on, and then sarcastically exclaimed, I think as how he is sir.

One of the German literati has discovered that the word in Hebrew which is commonly translated *rib*, more properly signifies *tongue*, and consequently that Eve was taken out of Adam's *tongue*. This is not at all unlikely.

A Monk preaching to the populace, made a most enormous and uncouth noise, by which a good woman, one of his auditors was so much affected, that she burst into a flood of tears. The preacher, attributing her grief to remorse of conscience excited within her by his eloquence, sent for her, and asked her why she was so piteously affected by his discourse. Holy father, answered the mourner, I am a poor widow, and was accustomed to maintain myself by the labour of an ass, which was left me by my late husband.—But alas! my poor beast is dead, and your preaching brought his braying so strongly to my recollection, that I could not restrain my grief.

A person speaking of an acquaintance, who, though extremely avaricious, was always arraigning the avarice of others, added, Is it not strange that this man will not take the *beam* out of his own eye, before he attempts the mote in other peoples? Why so, I dare say he would (cried Sheridan) if he was sure of SELLING THE TIMBER.

The body of Mr. Benjamin Swett, merchant of this town who was drowned about three weeks since, was taken up on Rye-beach on Sabbath morning last, and bro't to this town in the afternoon and buried. The funeral procession was on this occasion very numerous, consisting of distressed relatives, mourning friends, and sympathising acquaintances. N. H. GAZETTE.

The Administrator, on the estate of Sarah L. Butler, late of Portsmouth deceased, gives notice that unless the creditors to that estate prove and substantiate their claims, they will not be allowed by the court.

Portsmouth, June 4, 1808.

## TERMS OF THE MIRROR.

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All communications addressed to the Editor of the Mirror are requested to be post paid or they will not meet with attention.

